

A Mutant in Hawkins by thekillingdream

Category: Logan, Stranger Things, 2016

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-05 10:33:36

Updated: 2017-11-05 10:33:36

Packaged: 2019-12-12 03:36:49

Rating: K

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,147

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Its been a year or two since the incident when the kids find themselves in the middle of a cross-universe situation. The introduction of another lab created child is all thanks to Jane's seemingly immeasurable power advancement. (AN: This is my 1st story on here and may be formatted a bit wonky/have other errors as a result, sorry about that)

1. Chapter 1

X-23 had lost hope a while ago. Of course, the prolonged drugging had helped with that. In this dissociative state, the white walls and the cold white tile floor...well, they felt like home. After all, it was all she had really known aside from her brief stint in the outside world. And the outside world had been too loud, too bright, too active for her. The people and their words wanted to burst her eardrums; the bright lights burned her eyes, but those were a mere distraction from the scars she had gained- the ones that would never show. Here she knew everyone's intentions. Sure, she was not a person to the men in white. But she was not a person to many outside either and that had been before they even knew about the claws.

But those memories from years ago felt like a dream now: almost warm and fuzzy. She could not remember Rictor nor Bobby nor Charlotte.

In the past few weeks her mind had managed to produce dreams. They were of a terrible reality, one with open-faced monsters and a black nothingness and despite the lack of anything of real value to see, the dreams became more and more vivid as days passed. While it did not scare her, she found the dreams to be rather odd. They felt more real than her reality. But her clouded brain did not allow her to dwell for long on such a thing. It would let her space out for hours at a time, though. Not that she would know; there were no clocks in sight.

It was during one of these space outs that X-23's ears registered a faint alarm sound off in the distance. She didn't think much of it, but that was when the walls had started to bleed and crack around her.

Her mind does not register the falling ceiling above her in time, but it registers the pain almost immediately. In between her grunts and the snapping crackles of broken yet live wires she can hear wet footsteps echoing and splattering across the white tiles.

It takes a moment for X-23 to get enough debris off to be able to stand up. Her legs shake with each uneasy step she takes over the plaster that now litters the floor. Something had ruptured a support

beam near her room, she concludes as she looks around the room. Her eyes frantically search for the source of the footsteps. They do the best they can before she takes a dive and eats old ceiling tile. She coughs, supporting herself on her hands as dust clings to the inside of her windpipes.

Her ears are too overwhelmed with the sound of her labored breathing and coughing to hear that the footsteps have stopped. She feels a gentle hand on her shoulder before everything goes dark.

2. Chapter 2

X-23 can't breathe, she can't see, and when she tries to move she feels resistance. She takes a breath in- a mistake. Her lungs burn as they intake a heavy liquid. Her screams are silent. She opens her eyes only to have them burn worse than her lungs. Her heart rate speeds up as her mind fails her, unable to register where she is. She doesn't hear the movement around her and continues to flail as a group of hands try their best to get to her. She fights their grasp with every last ounce of energy she possesses.

Once she's out of the water she scrambles out of the failing grasp of the hands. She growls in a vague direction, her eyes still watering as her claws slide out. That's when a force smashes her into a wall and compresses her lungs. Her world goes black again.

3. Chapter 3

"*That's Wolverine?*" A male voice asks outside of the room, "I mean *the* wolverine. With the whole-," A bad imitation of Logan's growl outside the door followed by what sounds like a hand colliding with someone's head are both audible after the statement.

"What if she hears you?" Another harsh whisper responds.

Laura sits up, her forehead colliding with a bunk above her. She grumbles out a cuss her father wouldn't have understood as she rubs her forehead. Her throat is dry and scratchy and her mouth tastes like bile; she must've made the greatest first impression. At least it was an extra mess for her captors.

"I think she's awake," the same voice from before states as the doorknob starts to turn.

"We should get El," The wolverine fan replies, effectively stopping the kid with their hand on the door.

The hallway goes quiet after that and after a moment or two X-23 decides it is okay to move again. Her legs, however, disagree. Her first few shaky steps send her tumbling into the hardwood floor. Her vocal chords make a soft grunt as she hits wood and she realizes she really cannot figure out where she is. Her fingers run across the unique panels beneath her as she makes her way back to her feet. The air doesn't smell like that sickeningly familiar mix of bleach and blood anymore.

It takes a minute or so for her to reach a window and open the blinds. She sneezes before her eyes train on the sky outside. The sun has just begun to set in a now angry red-orange sky. She is unable to remember the last time she'd seen such a thing. She doesn't hear the door open nor the footsteps of the girl behind her. It's the gentle touch on her shoulder that calls her back. She finds it familiar.

X-23 slaps the hand away, turning a bit too quickly for her body to handle. Her fingertips turn white, gripping at the windowsill to compensate for her lost strength.

Her eyes are met with those of the same age, or at least that's what she assumes. Her brows furrow as she tries to take in everything at once: the girl in front of her, the old and barren room, the pairs of eyes watching them from the open doorway, and the fact that she missed all of this until now.

"It is okay," the girl in front of her speaks. Something seems off; she doesn't know what or why.

X-23's brows are furrowed, her breathing labored. None of this feels right.

"¿Quiénes son?" X-23's eyes dart from the girl to the filled door frame and back to the girl who now possesses a confused expression. X-23 repeats her question, louder and more forceful this time. Her breathing hasn't evened out yet.

"It is okay. You're safe," the girl repeats.

"Who are you," X-23 commands, her voice lowered and quivering as it leaves her vocal chords. Her eyes glare daggers into the kids in front of her.